

When Uncle Joe Steps Into France

WORDS BY
**BERNIE
GROSSMAN**

MUSIC BY
**BILLY
WINKLE**



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Moderato

Piano

Here they come, Here they come, don't they look grand, Hear that drum,
Watch them step, Watch them step, each man in line, Full of pep,

hear that drum, That's the reg-iment band, Oh! can't they play, can't they play,
full of pep, See their fac-es shine, Oh! ev-'ry one has a gun,

That sure is sweet, Can't keep still, 'Gains't your will, you have to move your
And they can shoot, And you'll find, Each one has a raz-or in his

feet, They're leav-ing Dix-ie-land to-day, They're goin' to take part in the fray; When
boot, Those sons of Ham are feel-ing fit, They're goin' to cut up quite a bit; When

Chorus.

Un - cle Joe steps in - to France, With his rag - time band from Dix - ie - land, -

See the Sol - diers way - ing, When Un - cle Joe starts play - ing, a rag - gy dit - ty,

So sweet and pret - ty, When they play the Mem - phis blues, They will use a

lot of shoes, And fill them full of Dark - y gin, They'll rag their way right to Ber - lin, When
They'll die when they see a Joe foot Mose, All dressed up in sol - dier clothes, When
Just let them hear a chick - en yell, Those boys will march where I can't tell, When

Un - cle Joe steps in - to France,
Un - cle Joe steps in - to France, With his rag - time reg - i - ment band. - band. -
Un - cle Joe steps in - to France,

